Nesting

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51216199.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Wendigo Babies
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Episode: s02e07 Yakimono, Post-Episode: s01e07 Sorbet, Eggs, Oviposition, Dubious Consent, Drugged Sex, Non-Consensual Drug Use, Will consents to sex, Hannibal drugs him during sex, Then tries to ensure he'll get pregnant, which he does, Wendigo Hannibal Lecter, Monsterfucking, Wendigo Eggs, In this au wendigos lay eggs, baby trap, Hannibal baby traps Will, Again, Wendigos have both internal and external male and female reproductive organs, Hannibal's human form is male, Vaginal Sex, Unsafe Sex, Mpreg, Eggpreg, Egg Laying, vague description of birth, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Hannibal Bingo 2022/2023
Stats:	Published: 2023-10-31 Completed: 2023-11-17 Words: 5,750 Chapters: 2/2

Nesting

by hartfeathers

Summary

He knows it's a bizarre thought but he didn't believe in monsters until he fucked one, so really how far of a stretch is it to question if that encounter had resulted in eggs. And perhaps it was even Hannibal's goal given his behaviour that night.

Will stares at the now empty space in the middle of the table, he places his hand on the wood in the exact spot he remembers the eggs being. He knows they must be inside the house somewhere, he can feel it in his gut, and he isn't leaving until he finds them.

~~~~

Prompt - Oviposition

Notes

See the end of the work for notes
~~~~

Chapter 1

Will quietly closes the door and walks with confidence into the centre of the dining room, briefly glancing up at the rendition of Leda and the Swan hanging on the wall. He knows Hannibal isn't home but he doesn't know when he will return, his fingers brush the gun tucked into his belt for reassurance. Although he really has no intention of using it, he came here for a purpose and he isn't leaving until he is satisfied.

While he was imprisoned he managed to recover memories, not all but many, and among those were two in particular that held more significance beyond Hannibal's deception and manipulation.

He has always remembered sleeping with Hannibal - returning to his house after Will knew all the dinner guests would have left and, unable to forget how attractive Hannibal looked while saving that man's life in the back of the ambulance or to resist reaching for the one stability in his life, he kissed Hannibal. After what Will knows now was token protest and then an assurance of consent Hannibal had taken him to bed and that's where it had been foggy, until recently.

Now Will remembers the desperate kisses and firm hands, Hannibal's smooth voice whispering to him and the heat of his body. The faint pinch of a needle followed by a heavy and sluggish sensation. He remembers Hannibal moving above him and the hum of pleasure, the visage of antlers and sharp black claws the remnant recall of which he had dismissed as hallucinations. He remembers the changed Hannibal shifting their bodies until Will leaned over him shakily, his limbs weak and mind clouded, then Hannibal rocking their bodies together until Will was dragged into the most intense orgasm he's had in years and Hannibal holding his cock deep inside for several minutes after he finished ejaculating. He remembers Hannibal laying him gently on the bed and then laying beside him with a few pillows under his hips, he remembers looking at the seemingly monstrous creature next to him and feeling calm.

The memory had scared and confused him at first, he had gone over it multiple times, sure that the creature he saw was just part of his imagination. But time and time again the memory never changed, instead the vivid clarity of it only seemed to strengthen. Then it got stranger.

He remembered taking Abel to Hannibal's house, finally gaining much needed truth about that night, but after he had mulled over the conversation enough he turned his attention to a nagging sensation that he remembers feeling at the time even though he was muddled by fever. He focused on that feeling and his strange fascination with the three large eggs on Hannibal's dining table. He remembers feeling drawn to them, the desire to touch and hold them so strong that it made him wary of them. The instinct to protect them and keep them safe, but why and from what he couldn't say. He remembers reaching out just a little while Hannibal wasn't in the room but before his fingers could touch the shell he pulled back at the sound of Hannibal returning.

At first he thought little of the eggs and his interest in them but after he remembered the reality of his night with Hannibal he saw the eggs in a new light. He knows it's a bizarre thought but he didn't believe in monsters until he fucked one, so really how far of a stretch is it to question if that encounter had resulted in eggs. And perhaps it was even Hannibal's goal given his behaviour that night.

Will stares at the now empty space in the middle of the table, he places his hand on the wood in the exact spot he remembers the eggs being. He knows they must be inside the house somewhere, he can feel it in his gut, and he isn't leaving until he finds them.

Wasting no more time he heads upstairs, after the close call with Abel he knows Hannibal would have permanently moved the eggs somewhere safer. Following the faint memory of walking these stairs before he finds his way to Hannibal's bedroom, it exudes an alluring calmness with its dark wood and deep blue hues. He cannot help but be drawn to the bed, echoes of moans resound in his mind and he finds his cheeks feeling warm. He clears his throat and carefully avoids the bed, instead he focuses on Hannibal's walk-in closet, the only other door except the entrance and ensuite. Inside he finds the expected line of bespoke suits, racks of shoes, drawers filled with silk ties and underwear. Though he's curious he concentrates on looking for that one little inconsistency, the one thing out of place. He finds it in the smallest fraction of an inch, a slightly wider spacing of the wood partitions that almost everyone else would miss. He almost expects to find it locked but a simple firm push is enough to open the door, this is at the heart of Hannibal's inner sanctuary and no one would find their way here without Hannibal's permission - well, almost no one.

On the other side Will finds a small room no bigger than Hannibal's pantry lit with soft, golden light. It is pleasantly warm, navy blue velveteen fabric lines the walls and floor with a large array of thick cream blankets and small throw pillows arranged on the floor to create a soft nest.

He toes off his shoes and sinks into the dip in the blankets, clearly Hannibal visits this room often and for lengths of time, and stares at the three eggs at the centre of the lovingly crafted nest. Looking at them now the pull he feels is undeniable. He wants to cradle them, protect them and care for them - he knows in his heart that they are *his*. He gingerly reaches out and places a hand on the egg closest to him, emitting a quiet gasp upon feeling the egg beneath his skin. They look so much like unusually large ostrich eggs but they feel leathery like those of a snake, a toughened soft shell that is warm to the touch.

Will slowly rubs his thumb in soothing circles over the surface of the egg, he remembers his father caressing his forehead like this when he was young. His breath catches in his throat when he feels movement beneath his hand, a subtle shifting beneath the seemingly thin surface of the eggshell. He waits for a moment and then begins his rubbing motion again, tears spring in his eyes and a smile stretches across his lips as he feels the little life inside the egg squirm beneath his touch, pressing into his hand. The movement seems to increase and he hears a very faint chirping sound not unlike that of a cat, he moves closer and presses his ear to the egg, sure enough the chirps are coming from inside.

"I'm here," he whispers softly, "It's okay, I'm here." He continues to talk in a low hushed tone that he hopes is reassuring as the egg begins to writhe.

He murmurs encouragement as two little protrusions press against the eggshell until it finally bursts, small tears appearing in the rubbery shell. He carefully peels the mucus slick shell away to reveal an infant, a tiny little being with inky skin and little antler nubs, a perfect miniature wendigo. Clear blue eyes stare up at him, far more aware than any human baby, and the child doesn't cry, it simply reaches for him. Tiny claws encircle his fingers and Will feels himself fall in love.

With his free hand he grabs a towel from the neatly folded pile beside the nest and lays it across his lap. Ever so gently he lifts the little wendigo from the broken shell and places it in the cradle of his lap, he carefully and diligently cleans away the lingering mucus. Then he swaddles them in a clean blanket, he leans against the wall and holds them to his chest. He stares down in wonder at the small creature in his arms, this beautiful little monster is the most beautiful thing he's ever seen and his heart swells with emotion. He would kill to protect this little one and their as yet unhatched siblings.

Faint trills call his attention and the baby fidgets a little, he frowns logically knowing that they must need feeding. He shushes them gently and strokes their cheek hoping Hannibal would return soon so that their child wouldn't have to go hungry for long. But he need not have worried. He hisses as tiny needle-like teeth pierce the skin of his finger, his little one has bitten him. He watches in surprise as the child laps at the blood like a kitten, realising they have tiny feline fangs. It seems they really are a miniature of their other parent, born lethal and developed enough to protect themselves. And clearly it isn't milk that sustains them.

Will is content to let his little one continue to feed, happy he is able to quench their hunger by himself, so he shifts to make himself comfortable. He groans when the gun he had entirely forgotten about digs into his lower back, without an ounce of hesitation he removes it from his waistband and slides it across the floor, out of reach and away from his children. He curls into the nest of blankets and holds the nursing child to his chest as they continue to suckle blood from his finger. Warm and happy for the first time in a very long time Will drifts into a peaceful sleep.

Hannibal stands in the doorway of his nesting room and feels his heart melt. He had expected a visit from Will after his release but this is a surprise. He could never be sure what Will would remember of their night together but clearly he remembered enough to come looking for their eggs. Arriving home to the scent of Will made his heart race then as he followed it up the stairs anxiety crept in with each step closer to his closet. But the sight that greeted him is one he shall ingrain into his memory palace. There, in the middle of his nest, lies Will and their three children. His dear Will is snuggled into the nest, his body curled around the two unhatched eggs while he cradles their first born to his chest, using his body to shield all three from any potential danger.

His relationship with Will is going to face many difficulties but in seeing his chosen mate so easily accept their children, and by extension Hannibal himself, he is confident in the future happiness of their little family.

Prequel

Chapter Summary

When Will shows up at Hannibal's house after the dinner party is long over things take a turn for the unexpected, and Hannibal takes full advantage of the opportunity.

A smut focused prequel to chapter one.

Chapter Notes

In this fic Wendigos have both internal and external male and female reproductive organs. I built this into the AU on the basis wendigos are rare so evolved to have both genitalia to increase the success of breeding.

The sound of his front door closing has Hannibal on alert. His guests and kitchen staff have already left and he is not expecting anyone, he walks to the kitchen doorway and eyes the nearby knife block. When the intruder walks into view his body relaxes.

"Will," he calls softly as he leaves the kitchen and walks down the hallway towards the other man. "I was not expecting you to return, the dinner party is long over."

Hannibal can see the slight wildness in Will's eyes as he finally comes within touching distance, there's a restlessness to Will that Hannibal hasn't seen before. Before he can utter any askance of his presence two hands roughly grab at his shirt and he is pulled into a harsh kiss. He makes a muffled sound of surprise against Will's lips but wastes no time in kissing back, he has desired Will since the moment they met and seizes the opportunity to *finally* touch him. He reaches up to cup the back of Will's head and parts his lips, encouraging Will's tongue into his mouth, they both moan as the kiss turns deep and filthy.

All Hannibal wants is to ravish this man, to devour and lay claim to his body, but he has pretences to maintain, even in front of Will, *especially* for Will. He pulls on the hair at the nape of Will's neck, his lip curling into a snarl when Will whines and almost melts against him.

He swallows thickly and rasps, "Will, we shouldn't do this. I am your psychiatrist, this is inappropriate. We would be crossing a boundary we won't be able to come back from."

Will strains in his grip, trying to lean into another kiss. "We just have conversations."

Hannibal wants to grin but restrains himself, "Will, we shouldn't." and because he can't resist saying it, "Jack wouldn't approve."

Will growls and with an unexpected strength throws Hannibal against the nearest wall, "I don't care what Jack would think."

Hannibal is smitten. His back throbs from the force of Will manhandling him and he wants to howl in victory at Will's slow progression of shedding his obligation to Jack and his expectations. As a reward he loosens his hold on Will's hair and the man immediately devours him, licking into his mouth with a singular desperation. Hannibal luxuriates in the passionate kiss for a few moments and then gently pushes against Will's chest until the man relents and glares at him with sharp glacier eyes.

"We shouldn't." He reiterates, determined to solidify his mask of a professional while pushing Will into not only reaffirming his desires but being the one to fully instigate what is about to happen. In the morning he'll still have his view of Hannibal being a beacon of stability and comfort, he may even believe *he* took advantage of Hannibal. No matter what happens after tonight, Will is never going to be able to look back on this moment and pretend he didn't want this, that Hannibal manipulated him, not completely.

Will drags him into a hard kiss, a frustrated press of lips, then pushes Hannibal back against the wall and stares directly into his eyes, "Tell me you don't want me and I'll leave right now." Will pants harshly, his fingers tighten their hold on Hannibal's shirt that's still bunched in his fists. "Tell me you don't want me."

Hannibal stares in awe at the hungry and yearning man holding onto him like a lifeline and simply replies, "I can't."

Will makes a soft pained sound then kisses him, Hannibal cups Will's face in his hands and licks into his mouth to taste every inch of him. He purrs as Will kisses along his jaw then peppers little butterfly kisses against his throat, the sound twists into a gentle growl when Will pushes one thick thigh between Hannibal's legs. He nuzzles the side of Will's face and bites his earlobe as Will ruts against him, the younger man pants against his skin as delicate little moans fall from his lips. Hannibal presses his thigh against Will's cock and snarls at the keen Will makes then shudders in delight to feel his hard cock, he rocks his thigh and feels an eager hunger flare in his gut to feel the size of Will's erection, and still growing.

Hannibal grips Will's hair and drags his head up so he can look into his eyes, "Are you sure, Will?"

His eyes are sharp with determination and desperate want, "Yes, Hannibal, please. I want this, I want *you*."

Hannibal purrs deep in his chest and captures Will in an intense kiss, he guides the man backwards towards the staircase and, while never once allowing their lips to part, pushes him up each step. Once they reach the top Will slams Hannibal against the nearest wall, he swallows the grunt he makes and presses against him. Will's hands are rough with desire as they grab and caress, his need obvious in the insistent press of his hard cock against Hannibal's as he ruts their hips together. Hannibal moans when Will bites his neck, his teeth

pinching around his pulse point in a way that makes his heart quicken and blood race. With a snarl Hannibal wretches Will's head from his neck and kisses him, addicted to the taste of him. He holds Will by the waist and spins them, he pins Will to the wall then grabs his thighs and lifts. Will squeaks against his mouth and quickly wraps his legs securely around Hannibal's waist, winding his arms around his shoulders. Hannibal rocks his hips against Will's, keeping the man trapped against the wall suspended by his hold, completely at his mercy. Hannibal growls at the sting of Will biting his lip, he digs his fingers harder into the flesh of his thighs and grinds against him, smirking as the man groans against this mouth. Impatience starts to crawl beneath his skin, he grips Will tighter and carries him into his bedroom, once there he kneels on the mattress and lays Will upon it. For a moment he can only pause and stare at Will lying across the width of his bed, those wild curls fan out like a dark halo, his ocean eyes seem endlessly blue against the navy silk sheets. Will looks ethereal, like a siren, beautiful and deadly, calling out to him and he is unable to resist.

He swoops down and bites kisses into Will's neck, growling into his hot skin when the man throws his head back and tries to pull him closer. He feels a burning chill creep into his veins and his skull throbs dully. He reluctantly pulls away, cooing gently when Will whines with frustration as he stands and removes his touch.

"I'll be right back, dear Will," he says, his voice turned gravely with desire.

He swiftly retreats to the bathroom, there he stares at himself in the mirror. The veins in his hands have started to turn black and when he reaches up he can feels his antlers beginning to emerge. This has never happened before. He knew he felt a connection to Will, an attraction that he couldn't quite explain or deny. But now he knows just how deep that tether lies. He has instinctively chosen Will as his mate. He sees this beautiful, tortured man and all of his potential and wants to claim him as his own. His monster sees itself reflected in Will's gaze and wants. Never before has he felt the pull of a mate and he knows he never will again, Will is his mate and he will do everything, *anything*, to provoke his becoming and keep him.

Hannibal opens a small bathroom cabinet and retrieves a vial, he opens a sterile syringe and draws a dosage of the liquid. He folds his fingers around the syringe to conceal it and goes back to the bedroom.

Upon reentering the room his breath gets caught in his throat, there on the bed where he left him Will now lies completely naked, flushed and aroused against the cool sea of silk. Hannibal can't help but lick his lips as he takes in the miles of pale, freckled skin and hard, pink cock that lays on Will's belly. His canines thicken in his mouth. He strides across the room and places a knee between Will's spread legs, he swoops down and bites a kiss against his open mouth. It's harsh and frenzied but Will meets him, growling as he claws at Hannibal's clothing. He reaches up and hides the syringe underneath a pillow, then he slides to his knees, his lips drag down the length of Will's body as he kneels on the floor between his knees. Will watches with wide, dark eyes then hisses as Hannibal wraps his fingers around the base of his cock. Hannibal licks long lines up the hot length of flesh, taking his time to explore the thick girth of him, his mouth tingles as he salivates at the taste of Will on his tongue. Will pants and grunts above him, long fingers clenched in Hannibal silky hair as he rubs his lips over the head and makes sure the underside of his tongue swipes over the tip of Will's cock as he licks precum from his top lip. He takes Will's cock into his mouth, his

lips stretch wide around it and it makes his gut ache with want. As he pulls back he lightly scrapes his sharpened fangs against the skin and rumbles in satisfaction when Will moans and bucks into his mouth.

"*Fuck*, Hannibal," Will growls and tugs harshly on Hannibal's hair, making the older man groan at the flash of pain. "Come here." he demands, his voice firm and unyielding, a tone which Hannibal believes is usually reserved for his dogs - commanding and dominant - it makes him shiver.

He opens his mouth wider so Will can watch as his cock drags over Hannibal's tongue as he pulls off. With another bitten off curse Will sits up and yanks at Hannibal's clothes, and while part of him wants to chastise Will for his rough treatment the bigger part snarls with enthusiasm. Together they quickly strip Hannibal bare, Will greedily touches every inch of skin as it's revealed to him, his hands are warm and almost possessive.

"Lay back on the bed for me."

Will is quick to obey and shuffles until his head rests on the pillow, oblivious to the needle beneath his curls. Hannibal crawls onto the bed and slings a long leg over Will's waist, smirking when Will's groans deeply as he sits astride him. He rocks his hips so their cocks rub together, his copious precum smooths the glide and the wet sound of flesh fills the room. Will's fingers dig into his hips and he knows they will leave deep bruises, the bite of pain only fuels his desire and as his arousal flares his fingertips turn black and sharpen into lethal claws. He continues to rock his hips as leans down and kisses Will, entangling their tongues in a mess of heat and spit. He slides his clawed hand beneath the pillow and curls his fingers around the syringe, he pops off the protective cap and holds his thumb over the plunger. He snarls when he feels Will wrap his hand around their cocks, the sudden tightness around his cock sends a bolt of arousal racing racing through him. He bites Will's lip as his antlers unfurl from his skull, the tang of blood makes him moan and he feels his skin prickle knowing the inky darkness of his hands is spreading up his forearms. Will makes a low sound of confused discomfort as Hannibal pushes the needle into his bicep, quickly injecting him and discarding the syringe. He continues to kiss and rub against the man beneath him until he feels Will's lips grow sluggish and his hand relaxes, releasing his grip on their cocks.

Hannibal leans up to take in the sight of Will, his eyes have turned glassy and his breathing has evened out a little, but his cock is still hard and he still reaches out for Hannibal, his now clumsy fingers stroking his thighs. Hannibal pets Will's chest and slides his perineum along the length of Will's cock, smiling when the man moans and shivers.

"Are you alright, Will?"

The younger man pets Hannibal's thighs absently and his hips twitch in an effort to rock up against him, the darling thing. "Yeah," he slurs.

He smirks down at Will, the sedative now fully in effect clouding his mind and making him relax. He's still aware but restrained and calmed by the weight of the drug which will fog his memory enough to encourage the distortion of this moment. He can feel his entire body slowly transforming, his hips ache and throb as the darkness spreads from his extremities until his skin is the colour of the night sky; endless blackness dotted with pale white freckles,

constellations of youthful camouflage that never faded. He shudders and stretches as the transformation settles, now astride Will in his true wendigo form.

Will makes a soft sound in his throat and reaches for Hannibal's head with a mumbled *antlers*. Hannibal rocks against his cock, the wetness between them now doubled and the filthy slick sound of it makes Will groan. Hannibal lightly rubs his own cock and presses down on Will's cock where it lays on his belly, his insides throb with want and he feels himself get even slicker. Unable to deny himself any longer he grips Will's cock and lifts his hips up, he growls softly as he rubs the head of Will's cock just behind the bulge of his now internal testicles to his wet hole. He purrs as he sinks down on Will's cock, taking the entire thick length at once. He throws his head back with a moan at how full he feels. He circles his hips a few times just to luxuriate in the feeling of having Will inside him, shushing the man placatingly when he grunts and whines as Hannibal clenches around him. Hannibal purrs and looks down at Will, his pupils have blown so wide they almost swallow the blue of his irises and even through the drugged veil Will looks at him with desire, no trace of fear even as his eyes wander to his rack of antlers.

Hannibal finds his chest vibrating with a constant purr as he spreads his clawed hands over Will's smooth chest and begins slowly riding his cock. His moans rumble with the echo of his purr, it even slurs his words as he whispers praises to Will as he whines with pleasure and an edge of confusion as his fingers slide and catch against Hannibal's sharp talons. Hannibal knows neither of them are going to last long, his want for Will and being intimate in his true form is hurtling him towards orgasm fast. And the drug in Will's system will soon begin to cool his arousal so Hannibal needs him to cum before then.

He coos and coaxes Will as he moves them, tipping his body to lay on the bed and pulling Will to lean over him. He guides Will's cock back inside him and moans as it rubs in all the right places. He supports Will's frame and wraps his legs around him, rocking and grinding on his cock, squeezing around him as Will's eyes flutter and his limbs grow heavy. Hannibal digs the tip of his claws into Will's shoulder and keens when the man bucks his hips hard in response, staving off the pull of sleep just a little longer, until Hannibal gets what he wants.

"Will, my darling boy," he murmurs softly against Will's ear, "Cum for me. Won't you? You'll give me what I want, won't you, my darling?" he cajoles as he continues to rock their bodies together, Will's cock buried so deep inside him.

"Yes, Hannibal, yes." Will repeats as his arms shake with the effort of keeping him upright. "Whatever you want, I'll give it to you." the words trip out freely, sluggish and dream like.

"Good, Will, so good for me." he whispers, smirking when Will whines at the words and presses his hips against Hannibal in an effort to fuck into him. He pets Will's hair fondly and moans, Will's cock hits deeper and his belly rubs against Hannibal's cock. He locks his legs and just grinds their hips together, barely moving but forcing Will's cock to bare down deeper inside him and rutting his cock up against Will's flesh. He moans and clenches on Will's cock as he feels his orgasm begin to sneak up on him. Then Will grunts and shivers above him, he feels the wet heat of Will's cum spill inside him, the pulse of his cock, and it pushes him over. Hannibal whines long and low as waves of ecstasy overcome him, his cock twitches as cum

splashes over his stomach and his insides throb rhythmically, milking Will's cock for every last drop of his release.

Will's arms finally give out and Hannibal holds his quivering body to his chest, he purrs and strokes his sweat sheened back but does not unlock his legs. He tightens them to keep Will buried in him, to keep his cum deep inside. The man makes little pained whines into the skin of Hannibal's throat, no doubt becoming over sensitive as Hannibal's muscles continue to throb and clench around Will's cock.

After several minutes Hannibal finally releases Will, rolling him gently to the side to lie beside him, then slides a couple of pillows under his hips. He relaxes and keeps his hips propped up, he turns his head to gaze at Will and smiles to see those glassy sea blue eyes watching him, curious but not afraid. As he watches Will's eyes skip closed he gently rubs his lower abdomen with one clawed hand.

Almost four weeks later Hannibal stands in his kitchen seasoning cubes of raw liver and cooked spinach with olive oil, salt and pepper. Since his night with Will he has been consuming more meat, especially eating it raw, to nourish his growing eggs. He places a hand over the slight bump that has become noticeable but thankfully able to be hidden beneath layers of clothing, easy to pass off given the increasingly colder weather.

He's been having smaller meals more regularly over the past couple of weeks as his eggs grew, taking up more room in his body and making it difficult to eat too much in one sitting. As he eats his meal he rubs his stomach in slow circles, smiling as he feels the eggs inside him roll. As he finishes the last bites of liver he feels his fingers tingle as his claws emerge, his stomach clenches and his body transforms. His clawed hand grips the fork tightly as his lower back aches and he feels pressure begin to build in his pelvis. He huffs as he adjusts to the discomfort, then he slowly stands and makes his way upstairs to the nest he has been diligently building, tucked away in his walk-in closet. He sheds his clothes, uncharacteristically leaving them on the floor of his bedroom, and shuts the door of his nest behind him. He curls up in the array of soft sheets, thick warm blankets and pillows.

Over the next hour his contractions slowly increase, he breathes through the pain and burrows further into his nest for comfort, nuzzling one of Will's shirts that he stole on instinct last week. The pain increases and he growls softly, he concentrates on breathing deeply and the scent of Will as he pushes.

Some time later Hannibal lies on his side tiredly panting as his body trembles, he curls his body around the three large eggs that now lie in the center of his nest. He rumbles a low purr in his throat and noses them gently, as exhaustion pulls at him his antlers recede and his body slowly shifts back into human form. He sighs and curls his now softer body tighter around his three precious eggs, he pulls a blanket over the four of them and finally succumbs to sleep.

Hannibal breathes a huge sigh of relief and tension melts from his body when he returns to find Will gone from the house. He sits at his dining room table and trills soothingly to the

three eggs that lay in the small, feather adorned nest. He presses his fingers to the heating pad beneath to make sure it's still radiating enough warmth.

He had been terrified when a fever-addled Will showed up with Abel Gideon held at gunpoint, his gut had swooped with fear as he glanced at the three vulnerable eggs in the room. It had taken every ounce of control to remain calm enough to handle the situation without transforming and slaughtering Gideon, to eliminate the threat to his children.

He coos gently in apology to his little ones, only days old, for putting them in such danger. The eggs are supposed to be at their safest during incubation, they should have been hidden away but instead he was so overjoyed that he couldn't help but want to keep them close, his selfishness put them in danger. He pulls them close and nuzzles their leathery shells delicately as he rumbles, hoping to convey his remorse and offer comfort though he knows they are blissfully ignorant of his misstep. He tenderly gathers the eggs in his arms and takes them back to the security of their nest. He tucks the blankets around the eggs and checks the thermostat to maintain warmth. Faintly he hears his phone ring so he nuzzles them again before reluctantly closing the door, keeping them hidden and safe once more.

It has been difficult to carefully navigate Will's imprisonment, an unfortunate necessity though he can't deny he's been enjoying the game, and care for their eggs alone. Ideally eggs should be cared for by both parents, each taking turns to brood their young, keeping them warm and vocalising to them so they will recognise their calls. Hannibal makes sure his young are kept safe and warm in their nest, spending at least an hour each day curled up with them, but to say the day of Will's release is a welcome one is an understatement. He doesn't yet know how he is going to tell Will about their children but he has faith in the man's paternal instinct, sure that it will override Will's desire for revenge. And getting Will to accept their young is the first step to convincing Will to accept him, and eventually becoming his mate.

Even with his faith in Will's instincts the man is unpredictable and has once again managed to surprise him. Hannibal steps closer to the centre of the nest, his chest fills with warmth and he begins to purr, completely enamored with the sight of his future mate and their little ones. At the sound of his purr their first born stirs and trills softly, calling to him. Tears fill his eyes, he coos softly as he kneels down and strokes their cheek tenderly, they nuzzle into his hand and his chest squeezes. He sinks into the nest and curls around the opposite side to Will, resting their heads together. The room fills with Will's soft, sleepy exhales, Hannibal's low purr and the faint chirps of the little ones tucked between their bodies, the small family safe and warm.

End Notes

I decided to take inspiration from snake and crocodile/alligator eggs instead of birds because I like both the soft, leathery shells and fully formed miniatures of adults, and both made more sense for the wendigos of this AU.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!